

With Balfour, Premier; with Salisbury and Hicks-Beach retired, with the great war closed, it will be natural to expect that a new impetus will be given to British trade if it can be done. Balfour naturally is disposed to let things drift, but Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, is as aggressive as he is unscrupulous, and with the two men who were always thwarting and opposing him out of the way, he is likely to push some aggressive commercial measures. The Rand gold will begin to flow toward England soon, and it will make a great deal of difference when the steady outgo is stopped and the current is turned back toward England again. The great trouble is that English manufactures have not kept up with the world's progress and her artisans have apparently lost their old grip.

The Argonaut denounces the recent California earthquakes as mostly frauds, says the daily papers lied unmercifully, that the brick blocks destroyed were board houses with a veneer of one thickness of brick, which brick naturally fell off when the houses were a little shaken, etc. But the Argonaut should remember that earthquakes are nerve-shakers and people have a right to be a little excited when they are around. Old Man Huffaker in Nevada stated a grave truth the morning after a lively shakeup in Steamboat and Truckee valleys. The morning was still and beautiful and some of the boys were telling Huffaker how badly he was frightened the previous night. "I admit it," said the old man. "A man who is not afraid of an earthquake is a d—d fool."

The swift fall of the level of Great Salt Lake fills the minds of a good many people with apprehension, lest the great inland sea becomes, so to speak, extinct. We do not believe there is any such danger. People point to the amount of water used in irrigation adjacent to the lake, but it does not at all compare in amount to what is carried away by evaporation. The average amount of rain has not fallen in this great central basin for several years. This has reduced the water running into the lake greatly; it has at the same time increased the evaporation, for the whole atmosphere of this region is as thirsty for moisture as are the farmers who live below where Parley creek debauches into the valley. With two or three real wet winters the lake will come back to its old level.

Charlie Fair was a winsome child, both he and his brother Jimmie. Had they been born poor they might have carved out for themselves stronger names than did their subtle, mysterious father. But they had not the strength to bear great fortunes. Jimmie died several years ago, and now Charlie, in his recklessness, has been killed. It is a pitiable ending. The name of Fair has become extinct in a single generation. Mr. Mackay's oldest son was dashed against a tree by a furious horse and killed; the last Fair boy was killed almost in the same place on Thursday in an automobile crash. There was plenty of pluck in both boys, but little discretion, and the deaths of the two young men are pitiable reminders that great wealth carries with it no guarantee of long life.

A Chicago woman tells the following story of her newest grandson. The youngster was being dressed for his first visit to Sunday-school.

"Now, Johnny-boy, when they ask you who made you, you are to say 'God.' Remember now."

"All right, mamma," said the young hopeful, and was led off by his nurse.

"Now, Johnny, who made you?" asked the teacher.

Johnny stood up, wiggling with delight.

"Why—er—er," the small face began to look doubtful; "er—er, please, sir, mamma told me, but I've forgotten the gentleman's name."—New York Times.

### Ballad of Spready Antler.

'Twas the Bull Elk Spready Antler, that from Oklahoma came,  
Eighteen hands high was Spready, the tallest kind of game.

His sire was a tall Texan Elk, his dam a Cherokee,  
And very proud was Spready of his ancestral tree.  
His range was on the Cimorron; he had no wish to stray.

Until, by accident, he chanced on one unlucky day  
To read in the Elkhorn Gazette that in the Wasatch range

There was a summer browsing ground, luxuriant and strange,

Where all the Elks would rendezvous for one majestic browse,

Salt Palace licks for young Elks; for the old a big carouse.

'Twas the Bull Elk Spready Antler that soon made up his mind

That this new range out in the West he speedily would find,

And so he hired a palace car, and stored it fore and aft

With food that might be eaten, and food that might be quaffed.

And, boarding it, he ordered the swiftest kind of run

To the Elk Stalk called the Wasatch beyond the setting sun.

'Twas the Bull Elk Spready Antler that on the fourth day found

The higher altitude he sought, the looked-for browsing ground.

'Twas evening; all the lights were on, and Spready said, "It's great,

Let us get off and take it in—we will perambulate."

Then through the thicket dense of men and boys and ladies fair,

The Bull Elk Spready Antler began to push and tear.

Until he saw a Lady Elk behind a table green,  
Who with a face divinely fair, and with a smile serene

Besought the passing Elks to pause, and one small venture make

To win surcease from sorrow in a monumental stake.

'Twas then that Spready Antler looked at the siren fair

And to his own soul whispering inaudibly did swear

That on all ranges east or west, or north or south, not one

Such Lady Elk as that rare Elk was ever known to run.

And so, enchanted and beguiled, he tried to buck her game.

His heart meanwhile beat pit-a-pat, his soul was all aflame.

He lost and lost and still she smiled and bade him once more play,

Until his last hard splitter was spirited away.

And then, still smiling, she explained that while his luck seemed bad,

He should cherish the experience at gaming he had had.

'Twas the Bull Elk Spready Antler that, embittered and enraged,

A passage on a flatcar surreptitiously engaged.

And with many compound adjectives and dire expletives swore

That from his native stalking ground he'd never wander more.

Desperate Suitor—Sir, I have reached that stage where I can no longer live without your daughter.

Heartless Parent—Well, I don't consider suicide a crime, young man, but you mustn't hang around here.—Chicago News.

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